

NO SENATOR AFTER ALL IN KENTUCKY.

The Legislators Take a Vote, Sing the Doxology and Close the Session.

One Moves That the Assembly "Eternally, Perpetually, Finally and Forever Adjourn."

CHINN AND GAITHER WANT TO SHOOT.

They Use Language in the Street and Reach for Their Guns, but Are Separated by Friends.—The Governor Strongly Condemned.

Frankfort, Ky., March 17.—The curtain was rung down on the Kentucky Legislature this afternoon, and no United States Senator was elected.

The State House was under the watchful eye of the State militia and the chaplain refused to open with prayer, but so joyful were the members of the Legislature that in adjourning the joint assembly they mingled their voices together in singing the Doxology. The motion to adjourn the joint assembly was made by Cyrus Brown, a stalwart and good-natured Republican, who said: "Mr. President, I move that this assembly eternally, perpetually, finally and forever adjourn."

The little town occupied by 400 soldiers presented a scene this morning which recalled the memory of war times to the older people. The steady tramp of the soldiers about the State House and the frequent cry of "Halt! who comes there?" would have given the stranger the impression that some great danger was imminent. Captain John Gaines, with the McCreary Guard, watched the rotunda and the front of the State House. Senator Blackburn appeared early with "Little Phil" Thompson, and after greeting Captain Gaines, went into the cloak room. At 10 o'clock the whole town was excited by the report that Colonel E. H. Gaither, of the State Guards, and Colonel Jack Chinn had had an altercation in front of the Capitol Hotel. Colonel Gaither had said last night before the investigating committee that Colonel Chinn had sent to Harrodsburg for ten fighting men to assist the Blackburnites on Monday. The Colonel saluted Chinn as they were passing. Chinn glared at him and said: "Don't speak to me, blank you."

Gaither replied, "I will speak to you or I won't speak to you, as I like, for that matter."

REACHED FOR THEIR GUNS. General P. Wat Harden, the late Democratic candidate for Governor, was near and rushed between the men, who were at that moment going after their guns. Gaither said: "Let him alone; I will take care of him." But there was no fight.

Wood G. Dunlap, who was seated by the House, hearing the explosion of the shot and seeing the smoke, came up from Lexington on the morning train and had an interview with the Republican nominee, St. John Boyle. Dunlap, however, was still obdurate, claiming that it would be no use for him to qualify since the Republicans would be unable to elect, and he did not qualify.

The joint assembly met promptly at 12 o'clock, and took the last and fifty-fourth unsuccessful ballot for United States Senator. The Democrats refused to answer to the roll call, thirty-six Republicans being present. Both Republicans and Democrats refused to answer when the ballot was called to determine a quorum. Two Republicans answered the call for the absentees, both voting for Boyle. No quorum being reached, the joint session was adjourned.

BEDLAM BROKE LOOSE. In the House a resolution was read commending the Governor for calling out the State troops. Bedlam broke loose, but by some shrewd manipulation the Republicans were enabled to get a favorable vote on the resolution. In the Senate a strong resolution censuring the Governor was passed, and an adjournment was finally had, and all turned out to-night to hear Senator Blackburn speak at the opera house, and announce himself a candidate for re-election in 1898. His term of office expires March 4, 1897, from which date until January of the following year Kentucky will have but one representative in the Senate.

There are 3,000 people in the city to-night, and the Opera House is crowded. The troops have not yet been ordered away. At the Court House to-night an indignation meeting was held at which a mild resolution was passed denouncing the action of the Governor in calling out the militia. The meeting was made up principally of Blackburn enthusiasts, and could not be called a success.

"JACK" CHINN'S KNIFE.

It Opens as He Pulls It from His Front Trousers Pocket and Has Left Many Scars.

There are troublous times down in "Old Kentucky." The blue grass country is stirred to its depths over the prospect of the election of a Republican Senator, and about the Capitol in the little town of Frankfort there surge the hot passions which have dominated the politics of Kentucky since the days of Tom Marshall and Henry Clay. Bowie knives and revolvers have ever played a part in the exercise of the Kentucky suffrage, and the situation there now calls for both those weapons, with a plentiful sprinkling of State bayonets. This last is a new feature to the Kentuckian, and an innovation which he resents. Out of the Frankfort turmoil comes to the watching world this telegram:

JACK CHINN'S BOLD DECLARATION.

"Frankfort, Ky., March 17.—To my mind there is nothing in the situation here to cause any man to fear to discharge any duty he owes himself, his family or his State. There will be no election of a United States Senator at this session of the General Assembly, which dissolves to-morrow. The public press has held me up as a scarecrow before the Republicans without just cause. I came here and have remained here of my own motion because of my admiration and friendship for the Hon. J. C. S. Blackburn, and have used my feeble influence, first to re-elect him, and when all hope of that was gone, to prevent the election of any Republican. My private opinion of the action of William O. Bradley in ordering the militia to the State here is that he was not actuated by any pure motive, but the idea was born of a coward soul. I regret that a Governor of Kentucky, my native State, has given to the world the supremest evidence

of cowardice ever yet exhibited by any Kentuckian of high or low degree.

"J. P. (JACK) CHINN."

CHARACTERISTICS OF THE COLONEL. That is intensely characteristic of the man who wrote it. Over a signature Jack Chinn says a man is a coward. Jack has a habit of saying things loudly. One may not mistake his words when he says anything. He puts it plainly, and in a strident tone, and, however hard and unmelodious it may sound to the man on the other side of the proposition, Colonel Jack Chinn, Kentuckian, is always prepared to make good. Making good is another habit of his; evidenced by personal encounters in every big town from New York to San Francisco, from Lexington to Chicago.

Out of the native picturesqueness of Kentucky nothing more dramatic has come than this dark-haired, dark-eyed, rotund Colonel, who says things and follows his words with a blow. A life of storm has been that of Jack Chinn. A big, corncobbed, lad, he swung into the saddle and followed Morgan through that series of night rides which made the Confederate leader famous. The lightning dash in the dark, the swift thrust, the yell, the flash and roar of a carbine, the hurry, the stir, the riding out when all was over and defeat or victory had obtained, was life to Chinn.

From four years of that he came a bearded man, with a taste of blood and a heart made strong by hard scenes. Those days have drifted away, but the heart that rode with Morgan still lingers with the doughty man who is calling the Governor of Kentucky a coward.

"I AM HERE; OPEN UP!"

Some folks have said that Jack Chinn lacked nerve. Nobody ever said it to him, and he never said it to anybody. He escaped a settlement of the discussion at hand. During the disturbed and eventful year which have swept over the Colonel he has had trials. One day in Lexington a man declared to kill Jack. "Tell Chinn I will shoot him on sight." That message came to the Morgan rider, and he went in search of the man who had sent it. The two met in a saloon. Jack tapped his man on the shoulder, lifted his hat and said, without the suggestion of a tremor, "I am here; open up!" The other party failed to open.

During a race meeting in Chicago a lifetime enemy of Chinn announced to a coteries of friends: "I have come here to pull off a race or two and kill Jack Chinn." Two days after Chinn was driving into town from the course, and saw his Nemesis in another carriage on the other side of the boulevard. The way was crowded with vehicles, but there was a clear space between the two carriages. There was a simultaneous reach for the hip, and across the Lake Shore drive began a fusillade that startled the dwellers along the fashionable way. During the time the carriages were travelling thirty yards two six-shooters were emptied across the path, and nobody was hurt. Various holes and scars in the carriages testified to the inaccuracy of the aim.

The revolver isn't the weapon of the Colonel. He has given a name to a Bowie knife that is pronounced the most perfect weapon a man can carry. It is a Swiss affair, of peculiar shape. Like all fighting knives, it looks when opened, but it is remarkable because of its great strength and because of a mechanical construction which permits it to be opened in the front trousers pocket. Chinn carries his in that pocket. History is riddle-spotted with the names of men who have come here to settle a score, and have been killed because of a move for the hip pocket, but there is no mention of the departure of the man with his hand in his front pocket. Chinn loves the front pocket more because of this. One may slip a hand into a front pocket and meet his family that night, and Chinn appreciated that when he adopted the bowie which may be opened and brought into play while the other fellow is making the backward swing.

HIS PECULIAR BOWIE ALWAYS READY.

In another Chicago affair the bowie played its part. Chinn met an old enemy in a popular resort. Without a word both pulled. The enemy flashed a six-shooter, and Chinn his bowie. Chinn beat him to it by the smallest part of a second, and had the point of his knife against his adversary's abdomen. "Drop your gun, or I'll rip you open!" from Chinn. The point of the knife against his waistband weakened the man who used to run the mining town of Denver when it was what Westerners call "wide open."

Chinn was starting horses down at St. Louis when a clique conspired to put him out of the way because of things which he knew and was ready to tell about their racing methods. Chinn met one of them on the lawn in front of the clubhouse and a war of words ensued. In the midst of it somebody yelled: "Look out, Jack!" He turned half round in time to get a forty-four bullet in his mouth from the revolver of a nervous policeman. The shock of the wound dropped him, but even as he was falling his hand came out of the front pocket, and clasped in it was the bowie, which flashed and went up to the hilt in the sod as Jack's eyes closed in unconsciousness. The policeman committed suicide by jumping into a well when the doctors said Chinn could recover.

There are scars and scars all over the United States which can be attributed to Chinn's bowie and the front pocket movement, but no man ever said he got his wounds save from the front, and the man who is declaring in print that the Governor of Kentucky is a coward, is the man who will attempt to prove it when called on. Should there be a conflict at Frankfort, somewhere in the tale of it will flash the Chinn knife. A-653

Information Worth Knowing.

HAVE YOU WATCHED the steady growth of the classified advertisements in the Journal? Have you observed the character of this line of advertising—plenty of help wanted advertisements, lots of Real Estate at Auction, lots of Auction Sales, and all the other classifications that are interesting to the community? Want to see you have to do, or whatever you want, try an advertisement in the Journal, and see if you cannot get it.

SAW HER FATHER PLUNGE TO DEATH.

Daniel Ormiston and G. L. Senior Failed to Heed a Child's Cries.

Wrestled on the Slippery Roof of a Tenement and Fell Down the Airshaft.

Little Annie Ormiston Saw Their Danger and Warned the Two Men, but Without Avail.

THEY HAD A TERRIBLE FALL.

Senior Was Alive When He Was Picked Up, but He Cannot Recover. His Companion Killed Outright.

A tragedy followed a snowballing frolic last evening at No. 744 Ninth avenue. The place is a large five-story tenement, on the top floor of which lived Daniel Ormiston, with his wife and seven-year-old daughter, Annie.

Ormiston was a laboring man and rented one of his rooms to George L. Senior, a porter at the Hotel Waldorf. Both men remained home yesterday and celebrated St. Patrick's Day. Shortly after 4 o'clock they climbed up the little ladder leading to the roof and amused themselves pelting snowballs at pedestrians who passed on the opposite side of Ninth avenue.

Tiring of this, they threw snowballs at each other, and while doing this Ormiston's little daughter climbed up to the roof. She apparently enjoyed the fun, and threw snow at both the men.

The two men finally began to wrestle, and went very close to the airshaft leading to the basement a hundred feet below.

WARNED BY THE CHILD.

"Take care, papa, you don't fall down!" called out the little one, but her warning was unheeded. Nearer and nearer the men struggled toward the edge of the shaft, each intent on gaining the victory in the friendly bout.

"Pap! Look out, or you will fall!" screamed little Annie, as she ran toward the two men, as if to draw them away from the dangerous spot. She was too late, however, for both men had reached the edge, and the next instant were plunging headlong down the shaft.

The air shaft is separated at the ground floor by a ledge dividing it equally in half. Ormiston's body struck this ledge, while his companion continued to the cement floor of the cellar.

As the child saw the two men disappear she screamed and ran downstairs. When she reached the bottom the neighbors were removing the dead body of her father from the ledge. He had been killed instantly.

SENIOR CANNOT LIVE.

Senior was still breathing when picked up twelve feet below. He was removed to Roosevelt Hospital, where the physicians said he could not recover. His skull was fractured, in addition to which he received internal injuries of a dangerous character.

At the time of the tragedy Mrs. Ormiston was entertaining several friends in her apartments, and seeing a shadow dash down past the window, looking into the air shaft, remarked to one of her guests that some one had thrown a coat down the air shaft.

Ormiston was thirty-five years old, and Senior was a single man the same age and his companion. Neither of the men had tasted liquor, and both were perfectly sober at the time of the accident.

KILLED IN THE EXPLOSION.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey, Advent Church Missionaries, Lost Their Lives on the Fated Matadi.

Boston, Mass., March 17.—A cablegram received by the Rev. F. L. Piper, of this city, secretary of the American Advent Mission Society, confirms the news received of the loss of the steamer Matadi by an explosion of gunpowder on the Congo River March 7. The missionaries who lost their lives were Mr. and Mrs. Stanley Harvey, of Boston, who were members of the Advent Christian Church, and both missionaries of the American Advent Mission Society. They had just started on their way back to America for rest.

Mr. Harvey was about thirty years of age. He spent two years at the Missionary Training School, in this city, established by the late Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., and sailed for the Congo in 1891. His wife joined him there shortly afterward. They were stationed on the south side of the Congo, near the Baptist station Kimbika. Mr. Piper states that sorrow has fallen upon a wide circle of friends in New England at the news of their untimely death, and upon the Advent churches that were sustaining them, especially since all were making preparations to give them a warm welcome upon their arrival home.

Convention of Irish Societies.

There were several thousand people in John Park at 6 o'clock when John J. Reilly, president of the convention of Irish Societies, called to order and proposed Thomas J. McNamara as chairman of the meeting. Mr. McNamara was unanimously chosen, and he made a brief speech in which he said that the demonstration of the day showed that the Irish were united as never before. Speeches were also made by Judge Henry P. McCarthy, Judge Giesbrecht and County Delegate Cassidy, of the A. O. H. There were 20,000 persons in the park when dancing began at 9 p. m.

GOOD HOME FOR THE LITTLE WAIF.

Beautiful Infant at Bellevue Adopted by Mrs. Jenny Newkirk.

She Is a Motherly Woman of Jersey City and First Applied for the Child.

Many Other Women Who Hoped to Secure the Little Strangers Called At the Hospital.

ONE OF THEM THE BABE'S MOTHER.

A Pale, Anxious Woman Showed Great Excitement and Hurried Away When Told What Disposition Had Been Made of the Waif.

The pretty little infant with the patrician features and fine clothes, who was the centre of attraction at Ward 31 in Bellevue, has been adopted. The fortunate woman who gets the six-week-old child is Mrs. Jenny Newkirk, of No. 274 Seventh avenue, Jersey City.

There were fifty other women ready to take the little one and give her a good home, but Mrs. Newkirk had what is considered at the hospital a prior claim upon the child. She was the first one to ask for the infant, and she put in her application the minute her motherly eyes fell upon the waif.

All day yesterday women were going to Bellevue to see the abandoned infant with the plump cheeks, the rosy little mouth and the fine eyes. They had all read about the baby in the papers, and every one of them had been filled with motherly feeling for the tiny bit of humanity on the instant.

These good women, all anxious to get the child who was wrapped in such aristocratic raiment when found, came from all sections of the city and from Brooklyn and the suburbs. Some of them drove up in carriages, but more came long distances on the "L" road to see what could be done for the baby.

MRS. NEWKIRK GOES EARLY.

It was only those who went very early that got a glimpse of the little one. Mrs. Newkirk read the Journal early in the morning, and lost no time getting to the hospital. She was fearful that some one else would get the child before she got there, calling her "Precious, little darling." Mrs. Newkirk got an early start in the race, and made good her position with the documents.

There is a good deal of red tape and paper about getting a baby out of Bellevue, but the woman from Jersey went through it all. She would not have been dismayed if she had been forced to face twice as many difficulties to be able to call the waif her own.

One of the things Mrs. Newkirk had to do was to get a certificate from Mr. Blake, the superintendent of the Department of Outdoor Poor. She made an affidavit for Mr. Blake's benefit, in which she made it plain, in full legal phraseology, according to the wording of the blank, that the intended giving the waif a good home and to be as much a mother to the child as was possible under the circumstances. Mrs. Newkirk had witnesses with her to substantiate what she said. Superintendent Blake was satisfied and made out the paper to present to the superintendent of Bellevue.

SHE SECURES THE CHILD.

Upon this showing the baby was handed over to Mrs. Newkirk, who immediately kissed it about a dozen times, and then hugged the child to her bosom. Then men who saw the reception the waif got had no doubt the infant was falling into good hands. Mrs. Newkirk went to her home in Jersey City with the baby about noon.

Great was the disappointment of the women who went to the hospital later and found the waif gone. Mrs. Newkirk got the cream white cashmere cloak, the dainty white silk baby's cap and the Mother Hubbard robe of mink. She also took all the fine flannel underclothing that was wrapped around the baby when it was left in the area at No. 4 East Forty-third street, where it was found.

Before the child was taken away from the hospital Superintendent Blake gave it a name. This is the invariable custom in ward 31. The name chosen was Annie Wilson, which was deemed plain and old-fashioned.

WOMAN AROUSES CURIOSITY.

Among the women who called at the hospital to see the baby yesterday afternoon was one who particularly attracted the attention of the gatekeepers. It may have been a mere fancy, but several of the men who noticed this visitor thought she was unduly excited for a young woman merely inquiring regarding a waif offered for adoption.

The woman was tall, slender and her face was very pale. She was dressed becomingly, although not richly. When told the baby was gone this woman seemed strangely disturbed. She asked anxiously who had the infant.

The gatekeeper could not answer the question and referred the inquirer to the office. Instead of going to see the superintendent, however, she turned away abruptly and walked off rapidly, turning on Second street. The thought that flashed through the mind of the gatekeeper was that perhaps the handsome young woman might be the mother of the waif, or might know something about the baby that she did not care to tell.

THREE WOMEN ATTACKED.

Patrick Maye Chokes and Strikes a Mother and Her Daughters in the Street.

Mrs. Francis Fairman and her two daughters, Mrs. Lennox and Mrs. Virginia Walsh, wife of a well-to-do merchant, who lives in the Elliott apartment house, at No. 286 St. Nicholas avenue, were attacked by a man last night in a lonely place on One Hundred and Twenty-third street, between Amsterdam and Columbus avenues.

Patrick Maye, a hatter, living in Riverdale avenue, in Yonkers, was the man who assaulted the women. He was arrested, and the police think his object was robbery.

Mrs. Lennox and Mrs. Walsh were drawing their mother on a sled, when they met Maye. He seized Mrs. Fairman by the throat. Mrs. Walsh, screaming for help, pounced upon his head with her fists, and Mrs. Lennox, who was also shouting at the top of her voice, scratched his face and struck him with all her force. The man relinquished his hold upon Mrs. Fairman, knocked Mrs. Lennox down and with his left hand clutching Mrs. Walsh's throat he attempted to thrust his fist into her mouth to stifle her cries. By this time, however, Mrs. Fairman had sprung to her feet and added her cries to those of her daughters.

Henry Ruch heard the cries and ran to the women's assistance. Maye fled, but was captured by Ruch and a policeman. He refused to make a statement and pretended to be drunk, who attended St. Michael's hospital.

THE WOMEN ARE NOT SERIOUSLY HURT.

For Robbing His Benefactress. John McMillan, alias Wilson, was held for further examination in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday on the charge of stealing diamonds worth \$4,000 from Mrs. John J. Hughes, of 40 East Forty-seventh street.

He is an ex-copier of the Baltimore and Annapolis Railroad, and there Mrs. J. Hughes engaged him as a butler, in the hope of securing him. He conspired with her jewels and sent back pawn tickets therefor from various cities. Policeman T. J. Hughes recognized and arrested him in front of the Herald Square Theatre Monday night. McMillan made a spirited fight, but the policeman recaptured him.

Superintendent Frost Has Resigned.

George W. Frost, who for ten years has been superintendent of the American District Telephone Company, has resigned his position and been succeeded by Mr. J. R. Baker, formerly of the Western Union. Mr. Frost is a genial and popular man, and the rumor that he is engaged in business for himself will be gratifying news to his many friends. The new superintendent, Mr. Baker, is highly spoken of as a messenger, and has worked his way to the position of superintendent by close application and faithful service. For some years he has been superintendent of the Western Union office, at No. 105 Broadway.

Stabbed by a Parader.

Daniel Donovan, after participating in yesterday's parade, went home drunk to No. 33 James street and stabbed his daughter-in-law, Johanna, in the arm with a pocketknife, because she refused him money for liquor. Detective Gavin and Mulvey were sent to arrest him and had a vigorous fight with the old man before they were able to do so. John Donovan, the injured woman's husband, was also found to be drunk and quarrelsome, and consequently spent the night in a cell adjoining his father's.

No More Gloomy "L" Cars.

Albany, March 17.—The Assembly to-day passed, by a vote of 113 to 3, Mr. Andrews's bill providing that the elevated railway cars in New York City shall be equipped with gas or electric lighting systems, instead of the candles which have been used since the cars were first run. The bill was introduced by Mr. Andrews, and was supported by Mr. Butler, of the Third district. It was opposed by Mr. Butler, of the Second district, who claimed that the bill was an unjust attack upon the city of New York, and that it was a waste of money.

"Fire Escape Man" Is Indicted.

The Grand Jury yesterday indicted for felony in the second degree George Hartman, who is known as the "Fire Escape Man." He has swindled a number of people by pretending to be an agent of an insurance company, and claiming that the company was ready to pay the policyholder a premium. In each case he got a few dollars, and then disappeared. There were about 500 complaints against him.

DASHES OF CITY NEWS.

Frank Rack was sent to the penitentiary for a year, in the Court of Sessions to-day, for having taken a check for \$25 from Mary O'Connell, of No. 434 Ninth avenue. Herman Tice, whom Policeman Giles, of the Charles Street Station, says he saw break a chair over his wife's back, in Tice's residence, at No. 65 Carmine street, was arrested in Jefferson Market Court yesterday, but his wife, although urged to do so by the Magistrate, refused to make a charge against him.

Oscar Freerag, who owns and lives in the apartment house at No. 372 Manhattan avenue, was fined \$100 for trial, in the Court of Sessions, yesterday, on a charge of supplying gas to the halls of his house from the meter of Athol B. McKinnis, one of his tenants, without the latter's consent.

Magistrate Wentworth, in the Centre Street Police Court, yesterday, sentenced a man to Pawnee Prison, charged with the accidental shooting of Antonio Burke, of No. 510 East 119th street, from \$1,000 to \$200, as the doctors say the latter will recover.

John All, twenty-nine years old, an insurance agent, living at No. 241 West Thirty-ninth street, was arraigned in Jefferson Market Court yesterday, charged by W. J. Williams, a cabman, of No. 241 West Thirty-ninth street, with refusing to pay his fare, after he had driven the prisoner about all night. All said he was willing to pay them, and the Magistrate discharged him.

John Roberts, whom Charles J. Chapman, a graph compositor, in the Court of Sessions, yesterday, having rebbed him of a diamond pin on a Third avenue cable car, on March 10th last, was held in the Yorkville Police Court yesterday, in \$1,000 for trial.

Martin H. Dwyer, aged twenty-three, was held in the Court of Sessions, yesterday, on a charge of having stolen a pair of \$25 shoes from Mrs. Cahery, of No. 214 East Forty-ninth street. Dwyer had called on the lady, who was a domestic, during Mrs. Cahery's absence, and the setting of the earrings was afterwards found upon him.

Mrs. Johanna Connors, fifty-five years old, of No. 2061 Madison avenue, was crossing 125th street at Madison avenue, at noon yesterday, when she was knocked down and run over by a mailman water wagon owned by Helen & Byrne, of No. 415 East Forty-fourth street, sustaining a fracture of the right leg and severe lacerations about the body.

Coroner's Jury yesterday afternoon convicted Mrs. Sophia Goldin, of No. 148 Fenchurch street, of all blame for the death of six-year-old Charles Suckalewski, of the same address, and Coroner Fitzpatrick discharged her. She was alleged to have struck the boy on the head with a broomstick, causing spinal meningitis.

A public meeting, in the interests of co-operative home building, will be held to-morrow evening, at No. 219 Trueman avenue. Addresses will be made explaining the manner in which co-operative building and loan associations are conducted.

Robert Flabbin, a tailor, of No. 288 East Fourth street, was fined \$5 in Essex Market Court yesterday, on a charge of throwing a brick through the window of a theatre, striking him in the face.

PUGH TELLS HOW THE FIGHT BEGAN.

The Senator Asserts That He Did Not Throw Cards at Don M. Dickinson.

Because the General Used Violent Language Pugh Felt Compelled to Do Something.

SAYS HE DID IT SATISFACTORILY.

Felt Especially Hurt That He Had Been Accused of Playing Cards, Which He Has Not Done in Fifteen Years.

Dickinson Leaves.

Washington, March 17.—"There is a slight inaccuracy in the Journal's account of my collision with Don Dickinson," said Senator Pugh to-day, "which I would like to have corrected, sir. The statement is made that I struck him with a pack of playing cards. This is an error, and might lead to a theory that I play cards. As a matter of fact, sir, I have not touched a card for fifteen years."

"How did this trouble between you and Mr. Dickinson occur, Senator?" was asked. "Well, sir, it fell out in this fashion," replied Senator Pugh. "I was sitting in a room at Chamberlain's last Saturday evening, talking with Colonel Sands and another gentleman. While we were sitting at a table quietly in converse, Representative Benton McMillan, of Tennessee, came into the room with another man, whom I didn't know and had never seen, but whom I subsequently was told was Don Dickinson."

"Dickinson was so decidedly, what we will call engrossed with his private affairs as to make it important, almost necessary, for Mr. McMillan to lead him. Somebody remarked as the two came toward us that the gentleman whom Mr. McMillan was chaperoning was Don Dickinson."

"As the two approached Colonel Sands the other gentleman and myself, Mr. McMillan said to Mr. Dickinson, 'Do you know my friend, Senator Pugh?'"

"No, sir," replied Mr. Dickinson, with a great deal of unnecessary vehemence, "I don't know him, and blanket blank him, I don't want to know him."

"Let me introduce Senator Pugh to you," persisted Mr. McMillan.

"No, sir," responded Mr. Dickinson, still with emphasis: "I positively decline an introduction to Senator Pugh. He is a d—d old fool, and I don't know him and don't want to know him."

"At this point, sir, it seemed," continued Senator Pugh, "that upon me to say something, as during the colloquy both Mr. McMillan and Mr. Dickinson stood in front of me and only a few feet away. Feeling, as I say, that the situation compelled me to say something, I looked at Mr. Dickinson and remarked: 'I know you, sir, and you are a scoundrel and a villain.'"

"At this Mr. Dickinson lunged toward me and I arose. There was an altercation as disagreeable as it was unexpected. It ended in a minute, however, in a manner entirely satisfactory to myself. That is all there is that I care to say. 'I'm sorry it got into the papers. I felt, however, that I wanted to correct the impression that I played cards. I haven't touched a card for fifteen years.'"

Don Dickinson has left town, going early this morning. He is on his way to Detroit, and can therefore make no statement at this time.

Health and strength carry us through dangers and make us safe in the presence of peril. Disease, germs do no harm in healthy body. A germ is not a big thing, and it is only physical weakness that makes it dangerous.

Perfectly strong man with rich, pure blood, has nothing to fear from germs. He may breathe in the bacilli of consumption with impunity. Nature is continually working to throw off any impurities that may come into the body, but if there is a weak spot where the germs may find an entrance to the tissues, then the trouble begins. Disease germs propagate with lightning-like rapidity. Once in the blood, they quickly fill the whole body. The only way to get rid of them is to kill them. This is what Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery is for. It purifies the blood. That means that it kills the germs, but it is only a germ that kills the body. It assists in the digestion of food and puts the digestive organs in a perfect condition. It stimulates the secretion of digestive fluids, so promoting assimilation and nutrition. It fills the blood with healthy red corpuscles. It purifies and enriches every drop of blood in the whole body and so supplies the tissues with the food they need. It builds up strong, healthy flesh and puts the whole body into a disease-resisting state.

Nine-tenths of all human ailments come from the same cause—impurity in the blood. Take almost any disease you please and trace the cause of it—you will find it in the blood. Purify and enrich the blood and you remove the cause, and so you cure the disease inevitably and infallibly. Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery cures all diseases depending upon poor, impure, crissed, thin, impure blood.

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